



If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or food heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

"The Only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have I found any that will cure me like the old Simmonds Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly afflicted to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

F. M. JANNETT, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Minton says: From actual experience in the case of Simmonds Liver Regulator in my private practice, I have been led to use and prescribe it as a sure medicine.

Written for THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.
DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO YOUR OLD
MOTHER,
Whose daily toil and nightly care
Made so ably what you are.
When now she's old and growing gray,
And you from home are far away,
What place to her the greatest joy

Written for THE CRICKENRIDGE NEWS.
THE BATTLE OF THE CANOES.

General Claiborne, on the preceding day, had attacked, captured and destroyed the town of Coonacha, the Creek prophet's town, which was a place of refuge for the Indians, women, children and the tribe, among which the prophets declared was holy ground on which no white man could see or touch and live. It was situated on the Alabama river, west of the present city of Montgomery. When Claiborne and his forces appeared before the town the entire population was gathered upon a level space of green, to witness the burning of five white prisoners. Of course they were destroyed by this sight. The Indians resisted separately but futilely, and those that were not slain fled in confusion to the river, where the far side of which they first removed to escape the majority of their women and children.

about midnight they had come upon and captured a small hunting party of Indians and seized their canoes. Dividing his force, he sent a portion of his command under a trusty Indian fighter named Jerry Daulton, across to the west bank, and kept the rest on the eastern bank with the remainder. Arriving at what was then known as Randall's Landing, but now bearing the name of Dale's Ferry, they discovered the encampment on the western side. Having no means of crossing save one small canoe, they felt concealed under overhanging bushes. Dale was forced to wait until Avas came up on the other side and captured and sent over canoes for them. Concealing themselves in the undergrowth, they waited as patiently as they could under the circumstances.

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As often as he rose the whites fired upon him, but without effect. Finally, growing bolder, he raised himself breast high, and cried to them in derision:

"Why don't you shoot?"

This was more than Dale could stand, and taking careful sight between the savage's hands with his rifle, the next time his head appeared above the gunwale, fired, the bullet crashing through his brain.

The canoe then began floating down the current, the remaining two warriors being unable to manage it, and those inside fearing to show themselves.

Seeing this Dale called out to the other

He landed about a hundred yards below the big canoe containing the warriors, and Dale and two others entered. He made Casar paddle there to within about forty yards of the Indian canoe, when all three leveled their guns, which, to their chagrin, all missed fire.

The boats rapidly neared each other, when one of the warriors threw his scalping knife at the whites, piercing their frail bark canoe through and through, just grazing Dale's thigh in its passage. The next moment the canoes came in contact.

Dale instantly leaped up, placing one foot in the canoe of the enemy. The near-

With this Dale leaped into the other boat in the midst of the Indians. His canoe containing his companions floated off. One of the latter fired and wounded the nearest Indian to Dale, who now stood in the centre of the enemy, two dead at his feet, a wounded warrior at the stern who continually snarled a gun at him, and four powerful, unhurt warriors at his front. The first of these made a blow at him with his rifle, which he ward off with the barrel of his musket and ran the bayonet through his body. As he fell, the attack was repeated by the next one. Another shot from Dale's canoe pierced his heart, and he fell dead in the bottom of the boat. The third warrior now sprang over the bodies of his comrades flourishing his tomahawk. Dale apitied him on his bayonet, and he now faced the fourth one. This warrior was well known to Dale. His name was Tar-cha-cher, and he was noted as being the best wrestler and most expert ball-player of his tribe.

Dale drove the bayonet through his heart. He then turned to the wounded warrior at the stern, who had been continually snapping his rifle at him, and who gave the warwhoop of his tribe and exclaimed in Creek:

"I am a warrior! I am not afraid to die!"

As he uttered the words Dale plunged

William Weatherford, a half-breed, who commanded a force of a thousand Creek warriors.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the surgeon came to the door, but what surprised Susan was that a man accompanied

"At the sick man's door Mrs. Davies paused, and said, dryly, with a look at Hodges, "Who shall I say is come with you?"

"Mr. Hodges, one of the warders, is come to inquire after his reverence's health," replied the surgeon, smoothly.

"I must ask him first whether he will receive a stranger."

"Admit him," was Mr. Eden's answer.

The men entered the room, and were welcomed with a kind but feeble smile from the sick man.

"Sit down, Hodges."

The surgeon felt his pulse and wrote a

"Did you speak, Mrs. Davies?"

"No, I didn't," was the somewhat sharp reply.

"We should improve every occasion, Mrs. Davies, and I want this poor man to know that a dying man may feel happy, and hope every thing from God's love and mercy, if he has loved and pitied his brothers and sisters of Adam's race."

When he called himself a dying man, Hodge, who was looking uncomfortable and at the floor, raised his head, and the surgeon and he interchanged a rapid look; it was observed, (though not by Mr. Eden

"Mrs. Davies, be quiet, and let me speak!"

"Of course I will, sir," said the woman, with a ludicrously sudden calm and coaxing tone.

There was a silence. Mr. Eden eyed the men. Small guilt peeped from them by its usual little signs.

Mr. Eden's lip curled magnificently.

"So you did not come to see me—you were sent by that man. (Mrs. Davies, be quiet; curiosity is not a crime, like torturing the defensesless.) Mr. Hawes sent you that you might tell him how soon his victims are likely to lose their only earthly defender."

The men colored and stammered; Mrs. Davies covered her face with her apron and rocked herself on her chair.

Mr. Eden flowed gently on.

"Tell your master that I have settled all

He was up in the bed by magic, lowering above them all, and he pointed to the floor with a tremendous gesture and an eye that flamed. Mrs. Davest caught the electric spark in a moment she tore the door open, and the pair bundled down the stairs before that terrible eye and finger.

"Susan, Susan." Susan heard his elevated voice and came running in, in great anxiety.

"They say there is no such thing as friendship between a man and a woman. Prove to me this is a falsehood!"

"It is, sir."

"Do me a service."

CHAPTER XXII.

Not a tithe of Hawes' exploits can be recorded here. I shall describe, therefore, only the grand result of all, and a case of two that varied by a shade the monotony

The one-eyed man wanted to punish; and deprivation of chapel is a bitter punishment to a prisoner under the separate and silent system.

The first execution of biped Carter took place about a week after Mr. Eden was laid prostrate.

It is not generally very difficult to outfit an imbecile, and the governor enmeshed Carter, made him out refractory, and crucified him. The poor soul did not hold out at first; for he remembered they had not cut his throat the last time, as he thought they were going to do (he had eaten a pig first made fraps; then stuck).

When the bitter campaign came on, he began to howl and cry most frightfully; so that Haxwe, who was talking to the surgeon in the center of the building, started and came at once to the place. Mr. Saw-

And Hawes, the only reflection he was ever heard to cast on his model jail; then, with sudden ferocity, he turned on Sawyer. "What is the use of you? don't you now anything for your money? can't all your science stop this brute's windpipe—ou!"

Science, thus blandly invoked, came to the aid of inhumanity.

"Humph! have you got any salt?"

"Salt!" roared Hawes; "what is the use of salt? Oh! ay, I see; run and get a pound, and look sharp with it."

They brought the salt.

"Now, will you hold your noise? Then live it him!"

The scientific operator watched his opportunity and, when the poor biped's mouth was open, howling, crammed a handful of salt into it. He spit it out as well as he could; but some of it, dissolved by the saliva, found its way down his throat. The look of amazement and dis-

Whenever he opened his mouth with the instinct that makes animals proclaim their fears and appeal for pity on the chance of heart being within hearing, then did these show their sense of his appeal: thus one of the party crammed the stinging salt down his throat, the others watched him, and kept clear of the brine that he spat vehemently out, and a loud report of laughter followed instantly each wild grimace and convulsion of fear and tor-
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There was one man in the jail, just one, who could no longer view this barbarity unmoved. His heart had been touched, and his understanding awakened, and he saw these prodigies of cruelty in their true light. But he was afraid of Hawes, and unfortunately the others, by an instinct, felt that their comrade was no longer one of them, and watched him closely. But his intelligence was awakened with his humanity. After much thought he hit upon this: He took the works out of his watch—a old hunting-watch—and, strolling

age seemed to come into his heart. Boys fell hardest upon the young; boys and children were favorite victims; but his favorites of all were poor Robinson and little Josephs. These were at the head of the long list: he crucified, he parched, he punished, he robbed of prayer, of light, of rest, and hope. He disciplined the sick, he closed the infirmary again. That large room, furnished with comfort, nurses and food, was an inconsistency.

Hawes, besides his cruelty, was a noodle. He belonged to a knot of theorists, into whose hands the English jails are fast falling—a set of shallow dreamers, who, being guzzards and asses, think themselves wiser *en Nature* or *her Author*. Josephs suffered body and spirit, without intermission. The result was that his flesh withered on his bones; his eyes were dim, and seemed to lie at the bottom of two caverns; he crawled stiffly and slowly instead of walking. He was not sixteen years of age, yet *awes* had extinguished his youth and dotted out all its signs but one.

"I can't go on much longer like this."
"No more can I."
"I shall go to father."
"Why, where is he?"
"He is dead."
"I don't care how soon I go there either, but not till I have sent Hawes on before, to get for all the world. Pass me, and then come back."
"They met again.
"Keep on your heart, boy, till his voice"

After this many days passed before these could get a syllable together. But one day after chapel, as the men were being led off to their several tasks, Robinson recognized the boy by his figure, and, jogging his elbow, withdrew a little apart; Joseph followed him, and this time Robinson was the first speaker.

"We shall never see Mr. Eden alive again," said he, in a faltering voice. Then, in a low, gloomy tone, he muttered: "I have loosened the brick; the day I lose all hope, that day I send Hawes home." And the thief pointed toward the gallows.

This was just after breakfast. At dinner-time Joseph, not having performed an impossible task, was robbed of his dinner. Little bread and water was served out to him in the yard, and he was set on the plank again with fearful menaces. In particular, Mr. Hawes repeated his favorite threat, "I'll make your life hell to you." Joseph groaned; but what could a boy of sixteen do, overtaken and famished for a month past, and sicker now for a hospital than for a hard labor of any sort? At three o'clock his progress on the plank was so slow that Mr. Hawes ordered him to be crushed on the spot.

"Oh, no, no, no, don't go to strap me tight, or you will eat me in half—don't, I pray. I will hold my tongue, sir." Then turned his hollow, mournful eyes on Lewis and said gently: "It can't last much longer, you know."

"It shall last till I break you, you obstinate, whining dog. You are hardly used, you? Wait till to-morrow, I'll show you that I have only been playing with you yet. But I have got a punishment in store for you that will make you wish you were in hell."

Lewis stood over the mazing, senseless

death had hardly rolled over this young man, etc. his frame, weakened by famine and perpetual violence, began to give the signals that he would soon sham—a word call it when it occurs to any but a prisoner.

The young martyr's lips were turning blue, his face was twitching convulsively, when a word was unexpectedly put in for him by a bystander.

The turnkey Evans had been half asleep, half sorrowfully watching him some minutes past.

A month or two ago the lips of a prisoner turning blue, and his skin twitching, told the turnkey nothing. He saw these things without seeing them. He was cruel from stupidity; from blockhead to butcher there is but a step. Like the English public, he had not realized where prisoners were con-

These words were hardly out of the turn-
of his mouth, when a startling cry came
suddenly from poor Joseph:—a sudden,
loud, piercing scream of misery. In that
instant, despairing cry burst out the pent-up
anguish of weeks, and the sense of injustice
so cruelly more than human. The poor
man gave this one terrible cry. Heaven
willed that you should hear such a one in
his life, as I hear his in my heart. And then he
went on to sobbing as if his whole frame would
burst.

At six o'clock Hawes came into the yard and ordered Fry to take him down. Fry took this opportunity of informing against Hawes for his mild interference. He will pay for that along with the rest," said Hawes, with an oath. When he turned on Josephs, who bailed him, he turned on Josephs, who bailed him on his way to his cell.

"I'll make your life hell to you, you young vagabond—you are hardly used are you! All you have ever known isn't a stroke with a feather to what I'll make you

He wished he could garker it into
broom; then it would warm his heart,
his blighted flesh, and aching, and
aching bones.

While he hung shivering over his spark
light, and warmth, and comfort, a key
put into his door. "Ah! here's supper,"
thought he, "and I am so hungry." It was
supper, it was Fry, who came in empty-
ed, leaving the door open. Fry went
in his gas-light and put his finger and thumb
on the screw.

"Oh, it burns all right, Mr. Fry," said
he, "it won't go any higher, thank
you."

Joseph's sobs began gradually to go down, and a little warmth began to steal over him; as soon as he got a little warmer, who knew how much her tortured reposed, began to weigh down eyelids, and he dozed. Sleep was stealing over him. Sleep! life's nurse sent to Heaven to create us anew day by day! sleep! that has blunted and gradually dulled a hundred thousand sorrows for one that has yielded to any moral remedy—sleep! that has blunted and so cured by drenches a million fleshly ills for one that drugs

bed up his bed and blanket. "Are you really going to rob me of my
 ?" inquired Josephs, slowly and firmly.
 "Rob you, you young dog? Here is the
 vernor's order. No bed and gas for
 teen days."
 "No bed nor gas for fourteen days? Ha!
 ha! ha! ha!"
 "Oh, you laugh at that, do you?"
 "I laugh at Mr. Hawes thinking to keep
 out of bed for fourteen days, a poor,
 run-out boy like me. You tell Hawes I'll
 a bed in spite of him long before four-
 teen days."
 Hodges looked about the cell for this
 ner bed.
 "Course," said he, "you mustn't chaff the
 spects. The governor will serve you out
 ough without your giving us any of your
 [Continued on Fourth Page.]